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# McGill Daily

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VOL. VI, NO. 126.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1917.

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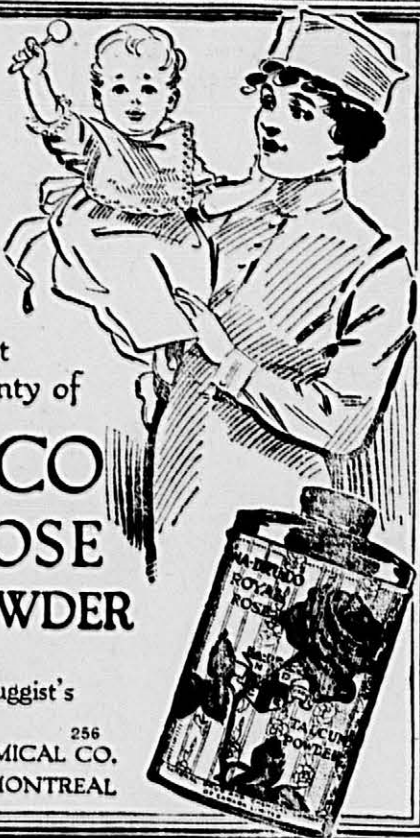
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In Luncheon Tablet form, also, ready to eat. Convenient—nutritious.

## DAILY PRAISED AT ARTS SMOKER BY DR. WALTER

Function Held in Union Very  
Successful.

M. G. BROOKS WAS GUEST.

Professors Brockwell and Cald-  
well Replied to Toasts.

Last night, at the Union, the Arts  
Undergraduate Society held its last so-  
cial function of the year, a smoker and  
supper, which proved by far the most  
successful affair of the kind held by  
the Arts men this year. About a hun-  
dred were present at half-past eight,  
when the interesting programme that  
had been prepared was entered upon.  
The Students' Orchestra dispensed  
music of a most gratifying kind, while  
the violin playing of Mr. Presner was  
highly appreciated. Murray G. Brooks,  
Arts '08, was a guest of the evening,  
and rendered two songs in his inimit-  
able fashion, receiving hearty ap-  
plause.

A feature of the entertainment was  
the "lightning sketch" work of Ed.  
Tremble, who showed uncanny skill in  
devising amusing pictures out of ran-  
dom lines drawn by the spectators.  
There was quite a scramble for his  
sketches when he had finished, those  
who secured them considering them-  
selves lucky.

Frank Common, M.A., the president  
of the Students' Council, was present,  
and spoke a few well-chosen  
words, in which he lauded the activ-  
ity of the Arts Undergraduate Society.  
He also mentioned the coming meet-  
ing of the Students' Society on Wed-  
nesday next, and asked all present to  
attend it, as important business would  
be discussed.

Dan Sutherland, the President-elect  
of the Science Undergraduate Society,  
in a short speech, thanked the Arts  
Undergraduate Society for their invita-  
tion, and deprecated his ability as  
an orator.

When the smokers adjourned to the  
supper, spread out in the dining-room  
below, the general impression was that  
the executive had "done itself proud"  
in making the extensive preparations  
it had. The supper was fully enjoyed  
by all, the various years having sepa-  
rate tables to themselves.

The toast to the King was proposed  
by P. A. G. Clark, the president of the  
Undergraduate Society. J. W.  
(Continued on Page 2.)

## PLATFORMS.

CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT OF  
THE STUDENTS' SOCIETY.

F. L. POULIN, Med. 19, age 24.  
BIRTHPLACE—Ottawa.  
FORMER SCHOOL—Ottawa Uni-  
versity.

ACTIVITIES THERE.—Class Sec-  
retary, Debating Society, Member of  
Dramatic Club Committee.

ATHLETICS.—Hockey, Football and  
Baseball, 1911-12-13.

BUSINESS EXPERIENCE.—Office  
and Departmental experience in Retail  
Dry Goods Establishment.

ACTIVITIES AT MCGILL.—  
Secretary of Class.

Class representative at Medical Din-  
ner.

King Cook Celebration Committee.  
Coach, Senior Hockey Team, 1916-17.

Secretary-Treasurer, McGill Tennis  
Club.

PLATFORM.—Owing to the world-  
wide crisis prevailing at the present  
time, which even affects our every-  
day life at the University, it is diffi-  
cult to conceive what clear-cut issues  
may be brought before the representa-  
tives of the student body during the  
course of the next session; thus, I  
hardly deem it expedient that I should  
enunciate a hard and fast platform,  
which would in any manner curtail my  
freedom of action in the event of be-  
ing elected.

As a general statement, I might say  
that I am in favor of the retrenchment  
policy, within reason, but, how-  
ever, do not believe that the minor so-  
cieties should be allowed to become  
extinct or even suspended, as it is in  
them and in their co-ordination that  
College spirit, the necessity of which  
no one will dispute, is essentially and  
primarily fostered.

If elected, I can assure the student  
body of my honesty of purpose in the  
consideration of any matter which may  
be brought to the attention of the  
Students' Council during my term of  
office.

CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT  
OF MCGILL UNION.

CEDRIC E. M. TUOHY, age 24.  
BIRTHPLACE—Victoria, B.C.  
FORMER SCHOOL—Victoria High  
School.

ACTIVITIES THERE.—Captain  
High School Rugby team, 1911-12,  
1912-13. Captain of High School Bas-  
ketball team, 1912.

ACTIVITIES AT MCGILL.—  
Sec. English Rugby Club.

Sec. Western Club.

Class Football, 1912-14-15.

Faculty Football, 1916.

PLATFORM.—Owing to the unset-  
tled times it is difficult to put for-  
ward a definite platform, but, if elected,  
I shall do all in my power to make  
the Union the true social centre of the  
University. Will also see to the open-  
ing of the dining room if at all feasi-  
ble.

LAST ISSUE.

With the present issue the  
"Daily" will cease regular pub-  
lication for the session, in or-  
der to give the editorial staff  
time to prepare for the coming  
examinations. In all probabili-  
ty there will be one or two more  
issues before the end of the  
term.

## GEN. GEDDES POWER BEHIND ENGLISH "COMB"

McGill Professor Rendering Great  
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MCGILL MEN EVERYWHERE.

"Daily" Man Meets Them Where-  
ever He Goes on His Travels  
About England.

McGill Daily Correspondence.

SHOREHAM-BY-SEA, ENGLAND.

February 27.—McGill chaps over here  
get much satisfaction and comfort and  
inspiration, too, from the old "Daily."  
It recalls that other life which we  
once knew—it brings back the good old  
days; it tells the story of the fortunes  
of McGill men who have gone so far  
afield in war work. McGill men, as  
you know, are everywhere here. Per-  
sonally I want to thank the fellows  
who spend many hours for the pleas-  
ure which the Daily brings to me.

Lately I spent an hour with Capt.  
W. C. Reid, better remembered as  
"Foxy," reviving other days across the  
Channel. Our chat had much to do  
with the hospital and its folk. He told  
me of a recent chat with Norm, Wil-  
lamson and Dud Ross in London.

Both, as you know, are surgeons-pro-  
fessionary in the navy, and find con-  
siderable satisfaction in sailing the  
high seas. Norm, I understand, fa-  
vours the North, while Dud belongs to  
a tribe which hugs more southern  
waters. His craft takes a night off  
now and then to drop a shell on cer-  
tain hostile coast towns, and then re-  
turns to haven on this side. Trefry is  
spending the winter in the Mediter-  
ranean. Captain George Lyons is in  
Egypt. Chris, Abel, Gail, Boddy are  
in France. Capt. Price is on this side.

Curtis DeKochie (Med. 19), who has  
a commission in the Flying Corps,  
writes that he has had some thrilling  
times in his "bus," as the birdmen dub  
their graceful planes. Recently he  
has had two bumps, but has emerged  
with "thumbs up." His eyes are turned  
towards the Western front.

Victor Lapp (Med.), who came over  
from France for a commission in the  
Royal Artillery, fell recently and frac-  
tured both bones in his leg. He is hav-  
ing a very uncomfortable experience,  
and time lags the more heavily because  
he is eager to get along with his train-  
ing to be ready for the big "do" in  
the spring. He did splendid work both  
at Ypres and at the Somme. It hap-  
pened that several times wounded fel-  
lows whom he had dressed on the  
field ended in my ward at the hospi-  
tal.

There are several McGill men at  
the Crowborough school, including  
Lightbody (Pats.), Parkins (Army Ser-  
vice Corps), H. S. Wright, Lee Mit-  
chell (No. 3 General), Phinny Fletcher,  
W. P. Bun, Lindsay, John Kerry  
(148th), Keith Hutchison, "Fat" Allen,  
and Louis Biggar completed their  
courses some time ago. Charles  
Brooks (Science) is at the Artillery  
School at Exeter.

We were shocked to hear of the  
passing of the Meds' true friend, ad-  
viser and helper, Dr. John Hend-  
erson. There are hundreds of McGill  
men who will recall his kindness to  
them, during their thorny path in  
anatomy. His name, "Honest John,"  
meant something. He was a man, and  
his memory will be revered by all  
who knew him.

Dr. Geddes is very busy at the War  
Office. One may, with confidence,  
guess where the vigour behind the  
"Comb" originates. During the last  
few months I have visited several

(Continued on Page 4.)

## SCI. FACULTY WILLING TO GRANT DEGREES.

That the Faculty of Applied Science  
consider the present time one of great  
importance for the manufacture of  
munitions is shown by the announce-  
ment the Faculty have seen their way  
clear to make. Since the first year of  
the war no degrees have been granted  
to men leaving before the end of the  
session, and this makes the present  
proceeding of the Faculty all the more  
marked.

The announcement posted yesterday  
afternoon is as follows:

"An application for the services of  
two or more men of the graduation  
class has been received by the Dean  
from the Imperial Munitions Board to  
take up work at once.

"Any member of the class desiring  
to make application for this work may,  
provided he is acceptable to the Board,  
apply to be excused further attend-  
ance, and request to be allowed to come  
up for final examinations, or he may  
be excused the examination test on the  
basis of class record, provided the  
standing which he has obtained in  
former years is exceptionally good."

## STUDENT FLYER HAD A NARROW ESCAPE IN AIR

Oliver J. Gagnier, Sci. '17, Chases  
a 'plane of Enemy.

INOCULATED TWICE.

Took Some Snap-shots While at  
Height of 2,500 Feet.

An interesting description of life in  
the Air Service is described by Sub.  
Flight-Lieut. Oliver Gagnier, a for-  
mer member of the class of Science  
'17. Lieut. Gagnier took a course in  
aviation at the Wright School of Avia-  
tion at Toronto, and proceeded to  
England the first part of September  
last year. Since that time he has been  
completing his training in England.  
Writing to Charles La Prairie, a  
class mate, he says:

The last time I wrote I believe it  
was from Cranwell, up in Lincoln-  
shire. I was successful in the exams.  
up there, and was sent to another  
station right near, in fact, right be-  
side the famous, Boston Wash, where  
King John lost all his jewels. At this  
station we underwent a two weeks  
course in bomb-dropping, and aerial  
gunnery. Before leaving there they  
inoculated us twice. The inoculation  
is far worse than vaccination, and  
most of us had a pretty hard time. I  
went up and took several pictures  
from 2,500 feet, and they turned out  
pretty fair considering that I was us-  
ing only an ordinary kodak.

Just after taking the pictures I went  
up in the same machine and managed  
to escape from one of the narrowest  
squawks I have had. The engine went  
dead just as I was getting off, and I  
had to go on or land in one of the old  
Roman dykes there. However, I got  
back into the drone, but struck a pole  
and broke the leading edge of the  
right bottom wing. Everybody was  
waiting for the crash all the time, and  
told me that I was mighty lucky to get  
back at all. Believe me, I did wangle  
that old engine trying to coax it  
along.

When we finished there we were  
sent down here "to await disposal,"  
as the bunch say. While stationed  
here we are given our last leave, com-  
prising four days, in which we are to  
get a full khaki kit. I went to Lon-  
don, and luck was with me this time,  
as I met an awful bunch of the boys.  
Most of our old bunch there were up  
at Toronto were in, and then also I  
(Continued on Page 4.)

## PLATFORMS.

CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT OF  
THE STUDENTS' SOCIETY.

HARRY H. MITTS, Med. 18, age 22.  
BIRTHPLACE—Aultsville, Ont.  
FORMER SCHOOL—Nelson, B.C.,  
Public and High Schools.

ACTIVITIES THERE.—Baseball,  
basketball, lacrosse, football for four  
years; rowing.

ACTIVITIES AT MCGILL.—  
President Basketball Club, 1916-17.

Senior Basketball Team, 1915-16-17.

Capt. Senior Basketball Team, 1916-  
17.

Member Track Team, 1916-17.

Interfaculty Football, 1915-16.

Interfaculty Football, 1916-17.

Treasurer, Medical Society, 1916-17.

Med. Representative, Students' Coun-  
cil, 1916-17.

PLATFORM.—I am in favor of vot-  
ing more money to college activities  
next year, provided that these various  
activities show sufficient interest to  
warrant the support of the Students  
Council, but I believe that these ex-  
penditures should be kept well within  
the margin of the Society's receipts.

But, on account of the existing cir-  
cumstances it would be inadvisable to  
lay down any rigid stand on any issue  
until conditions for next session have  
been ascertained. In case of election,  
however, I will perform the duties of  
the office to the best of my ability,  
and will bear in mind at all times the  
interests of the student body.

CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESI-  
DENT OF MCGILL UNION.

J. E. McLEOD, age 22.

BIRTHPLACE—Rockville, Conn.

FORMER SCHOOL—"Bridgeport  
(Connecticut), High School.

ACTIVITIES THERE.—Class foot-  
ball and basketball for four years.

ACTIVITIES AT MCGILL.—  
Member of McGill Daily staff, 1915-  
16.

Managing Editor of Daily, 1916-17.

Manager of Basketball Team, 1916-  
17.

Secretary of Railway and Mechan-  
ical Club, 1916-17.

Treasurer of American Club, 1916-17.

Class Football, 1915-16.

Faculty Football, 1916-17.

PLATFORM.—If elected, I will en-  
deavour to perform the office in the  
best interests of the students, and will  
try to promote a more general and  
widespread realization of the value of  
the Union as a student centre. One  
cannot set down any settled ideas in  
the present situation. The great part  
of the policy which the Union will fol-  
low will depend upon the conditions  
that will prevail here next year.

CONSERVATORIUM CONCERT.

The Orchestra of the Conserva-  
torium of Music, which gave a highly  
entertaining programme at the last  
concert, will give another this evening  
in the Conservatorium Building.

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## TOMORROW!



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keenly that you did not  
choose and order your  
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unexpectedly - important  
business meeting and a  
bright, searching sun  
may combine to em-  
phasize the signs of a  
long winter's wear in  
your present suit and  
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# McGill Daily

THE ONLY COLLEGE DAILY IN CANADA.

The Official Organ of the Students' Society of McGill University.

Published Every Day Except Sunday by  
THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL.

Editorial Department .. . . . Up. 433.  
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H. R. Morgan, '17, T. J. Kelly, B.A., '17, J. E. McLeod, '17,  
President, Editor-in-Chief, Managing Editor.  
F. W. Almond, Med. '18, Circulation Manager.

L. H. Derrier, '17, A. S. Nood, '19, A. I. Smith, '19,  
STAFF.

H. C. Russiere, '19, C. F. Kelsch, '19, H. Popham, '17,  
M. Cross, '19, R. P. Tolson, '19,  
M. P. De la Hanty, '17, J. N. Peterson, '20,  
J. R. Dunbar, '20, G. E. Grosjean, '19, R. D. Usher, '19,  
N. B. Freedman, '20, P. A. G. Clark, '17, R. L. Weldon, '17,  
O. Klineberg, '19, R. H. Parkhill, '17, S. G. Elliot, '20,  
News Editor in charge of this issue: L. H. Derrier.  
Associates:—S. G. Elliot, J. R. Dunbar.

## TEMPUS FUGIT.

The days of the session have come and gone so rapidly, it seems, that we are now brought to the closing chapter for this year. So for the one hundred and twenty-sixth time the Daily makes its appearance and then become a thing of the past. The success which has attended our efforts is best judged by our readers, but in all fairness to the editorial staff it would be only just to say that if the paper has not always attained the degree of excellence you desired that we believe accords to the dictates of all.

The students of the University have not been as prodigal of their time and energy as the demand has called for, and the production of a paper every day in the week has fallen upon a small number of devotees. In the course of our labors throughout the year, we have been accorded the utmost kindness and good wishes from many different sides, and although there has been the dread of being overcome by too lavish treatment in this respect we nevertheless have not succumbed to any of the attacks.

The uneasiness caused by the great war has been a most disturbing element in the student life since the session began. Not so many, as formerly, have left the ranks of undergraduates during the session, but many have been attending the University with their minds only half occupied with the work of the class room. The clarion call of the bugle and the dull sound of tramping feet has made the uneasiness not a spontaneous act but rather a growing feeling as the term has progressed. The lack of gaiety is sincere and we believe accords to the dictates of all.

Uncertainty and uneasiness has been as perceptible among the faculty as it has in the student body, and so we are led to wonder as to the future. The doubtfulness of the days at hand makes the dim obscurity of those to come such that it is difficult to imagine them. No one knows what will happen and to prophecy would seem sheer folly. Though we would seem to be sailing at the present time in a region of Stygian darkness, and trying to land on the shoreless river, there still remains more for us to do than travel aimlessly and hopelessly. We must continue to exhibit the same spirit of diligence in everything that is within our sphere of office, and attempt to ascertain our duty in relation to the whole.

Meanwhile we lay our pen down to rest, cover the typewriter to collect a layer of dust, and instead of shrieking over the horror of what must be the inevitable exams. Melancholy as is this distracting time of the present, may the men of McGill resemble their gallant comrades afar and their true efforts prosper. For the present we take our affectionate farewell!

## SCIENCE STUDENTS AND THE HONOUR ROLL.

The action of the Faculty of Applied Science in placing panels as a memorial to the students on active service will meet with the most hearty approval of the student body. Since the termination of the session last year there has been a more or less persistent discussion as to the erection of some memento to former classmates, regarding what should be done by the students themselves. It will be remembered that designs were submitted for the approval of the students before the close of last session by the president of the Undergraduate Society, who has since gone overseas, but the executive this year did not pursue the matter any further this year.

Now that the Faculty have taken the lead in the matter there seems only one thing left for the Science students to do, and that is to show their sincerity in the policy which they advocated last year. The cost of the panels which are to adorn the walls of the Engineering Building is to be borne by the Faculty themselves, but this does not appear to be the proper arrangement. It would seem that the most appropriate condition of affairs would be that the various classes take up a subscription and show the way they support this measure. It would be much more to the credit of the student body if no organized attempt were made, but if each member paid through the office of the Dean whatever he felt called upon, thus reflecting much to the credit of their loyalty on this worthy undertaking.

## TOMORROW'S ELECTIONS.

In this issue of McGill Daily there appear the platforms of the Candidates for the offices of President of the Students' Society and Vice-President of McGill Union. Both of these offices are important and the student body should carefully consider the respective merits of the men who are in the field. It is not a case of personal popularity but of ability to look after the affairs of the Students' Society. Men who are old enough to attend a University are old enough to be able to judge for themselves, the men best fitted for the respective offices. One feature that has been called to our attention in other years is but of ability to look after the affairs of the Students' Society. Men Surely you men of McGill have enough interest in your own affairs to see that capable men are elected to look after your interests. Get out and vote tomorrow.

## PROF'S AMUSEMENTS.

"Have you ever noticed what the profs do to amuse themselves while they are lecturing to a class?" asks the Indiana Daily Student. Their flow is sometimes as uninteresting to them as it is to the listener, and they have to amuse themselves. One here has a little rubber band on his hand, and when the bell rings, he takes it and around his finger and he plays while the class sits around and wishes that they had a rubber band. Another wiggles a waste-basket with his foot and a pencil with his hand. Some try to climb the stairs. Others play with their eye-glasses. Others take exercise up and down the platform, and some play with what sounds like money, but that is impossible, as professors are not supposed to have any.

## THE PROFESSOR SPEAKS.

Gentlemen, this course in English history which I am going to give you will bore me as much as it will bore you. I wrote these notes over ten years ago, so that if any of you have notes taken by former students, you can read even the jokes and Jeux d'esprit before you come into class. I don't expect to know any of you personally. My secretary corrects the final examination papers. Nevertheless, I shall be willing to recommend you as preparatory school teachers at the close of the year. I do this to accommodate a bureau of employment conducted by the college. The recommendations are read by those in authority, and I want them to sound well, so that I will hold my job. I shall now begin to read the notes, and I feel sure that you all will absently take down erroneous notes, your usual illegible handwriting.—Life.

## CORRESPONDENCE

The Daily is not responsible for the sentiments of letters published in the correspondence columns. Signed communications from graduates, undergraduates and members of the faculty will be placed in print if they are not of too great length.

Correspondents are requested to observe the unwritten law of the newspaper office—that they write upon ONE side of the paper ONLY. No communications will be admitted to this column without the name of the writer being attached for PUBLICATION.

Editor of McGill Daily:

Dear Sir,—I have been requested by the Students' Council to write a letter to the Daily setting forth as clearly and concisely as possible an enumeration of the events which have led up to the resolution adopted at a recent meeting of the Royal Victoria College Undergraduate Society severing connections with the Daily until a more satisfactory relationship could be brought about.

It would be impossible, Mr. Editor, within the confines of your correspondence columns, for me to even enter upon a discussion of the merits of the question which was introduced by the application of the Ladies' Society to a recital of the negotiations which have taken place to date may be of assistance in putting the members of the Students' Society au fait with the present situation in order that they may give expression to a well considered opinion at the approaching Semi-Annual Meeting.

The first application received by the Council from the Ladies was, as I understood, a request that such alterations would be made in the constitution of the Daily as would place in the hands of the R. V. C. editorial staff power to control all articles appearing in the paper, and the exclusion of the auspices of the Royal Victoria College students and also all articles purporting to be written by a student of the R. V. C., not including letters to the Editor appearing over the signature of the writer. This application was considered by the Council at the meeting next after the receipt of the application. A decision on the question was not reached at this meeting, but an invitation was extended to the R. V. C. Society to send a delegation to the next meeting to further explain their position in relation to the question.

At the next meeting of the Council, a delegation from the R. V. C. Society was present and explained that the members of the R. V. C. Society would no longer be satisfied with the degree of control asked for, that the only degree of control which would be satisfactory would be that amount of control which could apparently only be obtained by securing representation on the Council, that the ladies wished to withdraw their former application and to replace it by an application for admission of their members into the membership of the Students' Society with representation on the Council. This second application was discussed at length on its merits at two meetings, and the Council after explaining that this matter could only be legislated upon by the Students' Society expressed the opinion that the granting of the application was not feasible or advisable at the present time. In communicating this expression of opinion to the President of the R. V. C. Undergraduate Society, it was stated that the Council was ready to resume the consideration of the first application or of any other proposal as to the relationship with the McGill Daily.

During the following week the Council received communication of the following resolution adopted by the R. V. C. Undergraduate Society: "Whereas the representatives of the R. V. C. Undergraduate Society can have no constitutional position on the staff of McGill Daily because they are not members of the Students' Society, and whereas the Students' Council cannot legislate for non-members, and whereas it is not feasible to admit members of the R. V. C. Undergraduate Society to membership in the Students' Society, be it resolved that the relations between McGill Daily and the R. V. C. Undergraduate Society cease immediately upon receipt of this letter until satisfactory relations be established."

In view of the fact that this resolution seemed to bring our negotiations to an "impasse" the Council decided to refer the matter to the Students' Society at the next semi-annual meeting. Meanwhile, since the R. V. C. students have expressed decided disapproval of the manner in which R. V. C. affairs were discussed in the Daily, and since the ladies have declined to furnish any further reports of their events to the editorial staff, the Council considered that since it seemed impossible with the means at present at its command to handle the news from the ladies, it was their duty to instruct the Editor-in-chief to publish no reports relating to the Royal Victoria College until further notice and to refer the matter to the Students' Society for an expression on the subject.

Hoping that this matter shall receive careful consideration at the semi-annual meeting of the Students' Society and that a solution will be arrived at which will prove entirely satisfactory to the different interests involved, I am,

Yours faithfully,

FRANK B. COMMON,  
Pres. Students' Society.

## INDEPENDENCE.

Why should students think they are restricted and molested when they are reprimanded for not complying with the rules and regulations of the university? Students who go to school here should always abide by them. No matter whether they seem unreasonable or not, the students should comply with them or leave the university. Still those in charge may forget they are making rules for men, who are able to care for themselves. If these students are men they should be governed by a reasonable regulation. So if the students get a reasonable set of rules to abide by, there is not a doubt but what they are satisfied, and the unreasonable will do the kicking and creak for independence.—Phil Ossefer, Daily Illini.

## CAUSES OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1905 IN RUSSIA

Dr. Colby Delivers Lecture on the Tsardom.

### RUSSIA IS AWAKENING.

Western Ideas Awoke Progressive Spirit in Russian People.

Before taking up the subject of the Revolution of 1905, Dr. C. W. Colby, in his Extension Course at the Royal Victoria College, added a few remarks in conclusion of his last lecture on the Tsardom.

"Mankind," said he, "is seldom in the habit of giving something for nothing throughout a long period, and the record of the more advanced races shows that, where a type of government has endured for many centuries, its existence has corresponded to some popular need." If the Tsardom, then, has for centuries been a living institution in Russia, and still appeals to the Russian mind, it must have a "raison d'être." This is to be found in the inestimable services which the Tsardom has rendered Russia in the past. In the first place it rescued the Russian people from anarchy and foreign domination; it united them into a single nation, and developed among them "national self-consciousness and national confidence." As affecting her foreign policy, moreover, the institution of Tsardom rendered Russia enormous service, for it permitted the prosecution of a steady, definite and vigorous policy. The Tsardom has also greatly been strengthened in its position by its association with the Orthodox Church, but the lecturer declared that he intended to treat this side of the question in the course of a subsequent lecture, in which he would deal with the relations of Russia and Constantinople.

Dr. Colby then turned to the real subject of his lecture, namely, the Revolution of 1905. He began by recalling the stir produced everywhere, in 1881, by the assassination of Alexander II. "Between 1880 and 1890," he went on to say, "nothing which could be written about the horrors, the excitement and the mysteries of Russian life appeared to the average reader of romantic fiction." Words like "Nihilism" and "Nihilist" were on all lips, and a current aphorism said that Russia was a despotism tempered by dynamite. This brings us to consider the defects and limitations of Tsardom after having insisted on its advantages.

"The unrest which began to be so manifest in Russia during the later years of Alexander II. had its root in a combination of conditions and ideas." Alexander, it is true, had improved conditions in Russia by emancipating the serfs and by improving the judicial system, but this was not sufficient to satisfy the new aspirations towards liberalism which animated a great portion of the educated class. It is remarkable that the great wave of liberalism, which swept over central and western Europe in 1848, left Russia untouched. The nation was not ready for it at that time, and the position of the Tsar—then Nicholas I.—was so firm that he could render valuable assistance to his brother sovereign in distress, Francis Joseph of Austria.

But thirty years later conditions were quite changed, owing largely to the influence of Western thought, which was then rapidly spreading in Russia. Even the patriotic feelings evoked by the war with Turkey could not stem this movement towards liberalism and democracy which had manifested itself, as we have stated above, among the educated class. A great number of young Russians went to Western universities, where they usually assimilated—as a reaction, probably against the state of affairs in their own country—the most radical doctrines. Socialists like Lasalle and Karl Marx were widely read in Russia, and as the lecturer put it, "when he began to imbibe the strong wine of Western progressiveness, some, at least, of her people quaffed very copiously—with their heads and led them to become revolutionists." He illustrated this by quoting a passage from one of Joseph Conrad's novels: "Under Western Eyes."

From what we have said above, then, one can easily see that the importance of ideas, in the formation of the revolutionary current that was to lead to the events of 1905, can hardly be exaggerated. If the Revolution did not break out in 1848, but in 1905, it is not because the conditions were then worse than before—the contrary would be true—but because progressive ideas had made their way into the minds of the people. Like the great French Revolution of 1905 "sprang from the reaction that is produced when fresh and uncompromising ideas are brought to bear upon actual conditions which in many respects are intolerable."

The lecturer then warned his audience against the over-gloomy pictures which, in England and elsewhere, it was the fashion to draw of Russia during the last years of the past century. Much, of course, can be said about the strict censorship of the Russian government, which serves to keep the masses in the dark; about the evil practice of espionage; about the treatment of the Jews, and the unjust incidence of taxation; or about "the incidence of any representative institutions which could furnish a vehicle for the expression of popular feeling," but it is easy, also, to fall into deplorable exaggerations by viewing one side of the question only (vide series of articles on Russia, contributed by Dr. Dillon to the Fortnightly Review in 1892, under the pseudonym of E. B. Lanin).

After these preliminary remarks, Dr. Colby came to the Revolution itself, the immediate cause of which was the defeat which Russia suffered at the hands of Japan in 1904 and 1905—a defeat with which we associate the names of Port Arthur, Mukden and Tsushima.

From the outset the war with Japan had been unpopular with the masses, (Continued on Page 3.)

## SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT AND EFFICIENCY.

By R. deC. Ross-Ross.

This installment concludes the essay of R. deC. Ross-Ross, Sci. '17, which won the Science Undergraduate Prize.

Day labour involves only the idea of money for time, and not what can be accomplished in that time. Sometimes precious little is accomplished when the eyes of the boss are not on the day labour men, as I have experienced. The older men teach the younger ones that they start to work not to do more than is necessary to keep them from being fired.

I had hardly been more than a few days at the factory in which I worked this summer when I was sent to help a workman with a certain job. We had just got out of the machine shop when he said to me, "Now, son, there's no hurry about this job." And apparently there wasn't, for we sat for over an hour and a half without doing a stroke of work, and then we did very little after that. My nerves got all on edge. This happened several times with other men, but of more moderate form. I was given jobs of my own to do, thank heaven, after I had been there a month.

Piece work begins to approach the subject from the right side. It is a case of buying a man's work, not his time; but still there is a great drawback even to this. It encourages strenuousness and not efficient working. A worker may not earn enough to live on, if he is not feeling up to the mark during the day. Piece work is very good where machinery does all the work, and requires attention, such as braiding wire. One girl can easily attend to thirty-six braiders and sit down at intervals. It is just a case of starting up the braiders when the thread breaks, etc., and watching for flaws in the braiding which does not require much physical effort. Piece work in cases such as this works very satisfactorily.

The task and bonus system of wage paying is perhaps the most satisfactory method of all. It combines the day labour and piece work ideas. From a time study a definite task is set for the workman on a horizontal day rate basis, with a differential bonus which might begin as low as 60 per cent. of the task, or a straight bonus for the completion of the task. This has the advantage that no workman can ever starve as they are assured of a bonus, and at the same time are urged forward by the hopes of earning a good, substantial bonus. The task and bonus method encourages efficient work, for there is no danger of being short at pay day, which will fluster and strain a workman, instead of working carefully and methodically with the expectation of a nice little sum at the end of a day.

We have so far only mentioned the workman. The foreman also figures in the task and bonus system. Instead of only getting a day rate, as under the other two methods, he is paid a bonus for every workman who earns a bonus, and an extra bonus if all earn their bonus. For example, if nine out of ten earn a bonus, he may be given, say, ten cents per man or ninety cents; but if all earn a bonus, he may get fifteen cents per man, or one dollar and fifty cents. This makes the foreman a friend, teacher and help, instead of a driver. If a differential bonus is employed, other methods can be used to reward the foreman following the same ideas.

## Profits.

Having dealt with nearly everything in connection with the efficient management of a plant, we come to the real object of manufacturing from the manufacturer's point of view—profits.

There are two ways of increasing profits, either by increasing the selling price, or by decreasing the manufacturing cost. A company which increases the selling price has no chance with keen competition going on around it. Therefore, decreasing the cost of production is the only alternative. This can be accomplished in either of two ways, by reducing wages, or by increasing the output with the same number of machines and employees, which is, in other words, working the plant at 100 per cent. efficiency.

There would be violent objections to the wages being reduced on the part of the workmen. Hence scientific and efficient management is the only solution to increasing a company's profits.

An increase in the selling price, if competitors will agree to keep it at the same high level, means an increase in the cost of living which requires an increase in wages. This will, in turn, increase the cost of production; hence the sale prices are again raised and so on.

The strange part of it all is that manufacturers pay more attention in trying to increase the selling price than properly reducing the production cost for that.

Profits are equal to sales prices less material cost plus labour costs plus overhead expenses, and by increasing the output without altering the overhead charges or sales prices and increasing the wages slightly (the material cost will rise proportionally to the output) the profits will rise very substantially. So much for profits.

Suppose a company was working under the following conditions of expense and revenue:

Material .....	\$3,000
Wages .....	1,000
Expense Burden .....	1,000
Selling Price .....	\$5,500
Profit .....	\$500

10% of cost.  
It now wants to double its output, and it doubles the plant. All expenses are doubled except the expense burden which is nearly doubled, and may be approximately as follows:

Material .....	\$6,000
Wages .....	2,000
Expense Burden .....	1,800
Selling Price .....	\$9,800
Profit .....	\$1,000

12% of cost.  
If the plant had been put on an efficient basis we might have doubled the production without increasing the size of the plant at all, and the figures would, perhaps, be as follows: (Continued on Page 4.)

## JOHN BULL.

Every one is familiar with the term John Bull. Nearly a hundred years ago, Washington Irving could write of him that "there is scarcely a being in actual existence more absolutely present to the public mind than that eccentric personage, John Bull"; and yet, few people are aware of the origin of this nickname for the British nation. To find it we must go back just over 200 years, to a certain famous political satire written by Dr. Arbuthnot, entitled "The History of John Bull," and first published in 1712. At about that time the question of the Spanish succession was agitating all Europe. This agitation had gone on, in one way or another, for more than fifteen years, and not all the triumphs of Marlborough, or Peterborough, or the Prince Eugene could ally, in England, the growing discontent over the war, and the growing antagonism to the Whigs, who were largely responsible for it. Dr. Arbuthnot was a Tory of Tories. A friend of Jonathan Swift and of Alexander Pope, he was a brilliant satirist, "full of abundant imagination," and from his position as court physician he enjoyed many privileges. So he looked out on the times, on the adventures of the Whigs in France and in Spain, and launched out, after the manner of his day, into a series of political pamphlets.

It was in the year 1712 that all London, or that part of it which had grown tired of the Whigs, found itself rejoicing over the first of a series of such pamphlets which began to appear under the title of "Law is a Bottomless Pit, Exemplified in the case of Lord Strutt, John Bull, Nicholas Frogg, and Lewis Baboon, Monarchs." "And sometimes you would see Lewis Baboon behind the counter, selling broadcloth, sometimes measuring linen; next day, he would be dealing in mercery wares; high heads, ribbons, gloves, fans and lace, he understood to a nicety." So Arbuthnot goes on, filling in the picture with wonderful deftness, showing Lewis, as he was, for a seizing wealth wherever he could find it, and then squandering it all on wars and again wars, in "backword, quarterstaff and cudgel play, in which he took great pleasure."

But to return to John Bull. Bull, in the main, was an honest, plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very inconstant temper. He dreaded not old Lewis, either at backword, single falcion or cudgel play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him. He was quick, and understood business well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts, nor more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. No man kept a better house, nor spent his money more generously. Thus did Arbuthnot, writing over 200 years ago, fashion the national character, and it is interesting to note how little the popular concept has changed during the period that has intervened.

It was almost exactly a hundred years later that Washington Irving, coming to England from New York, picked up Arbuthnot's parable, as it were, and developed it in his famous "Sketch Book." Washington Irving found John Bull at a time when he was passing out of the realm of the actual, "blunt, comic and familiar," into the realm of tradition, "stated, fixed, and settled." Irving's "sturdy old fellow with a three-cornered hat, red waistcoat, leather breeches, and stout oaken cudgel," had yet to un-

## DAILY PRAISED AT ARTS' SMOKER BY DR. WALTER.

(Continued from Page 1.)

Bourise, then proposed "Alma Mater," the toast being replied to by Dr. Walter, who, after explaining his first opinion of the new students of the University, who continued their attendance during these troublous times had been greatly heightened by his experience of them, went on to mention the important part played in student affairs by McGill Daily. If all other forms of student activity went by the board, he said, the Daily was at all costs to be kept going. There had been some censure expressed by members of the faculty at times, but the value of the paper was a permanent thing, and its memory would live when professors, lectures and students alike were forgotten. Dr. Walter interspersed his weighty remarks with many of a witty character, and added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening.

The toast of "The Faculty" was proposed by K. P. Tsolainos, who stated that no gap should exist between students and professors, who should be loved as well as respected by those whom they taught.

Prof. Caldwell, in replying to the toast, referred to the duty which lay before us all in these times of war, and expressed his satisfaction at the fact that the entertainment for the evening had been supplied entirely by student talent. Prof. Brockwell described some of the institutions at Oxford, which University he had attended, and hoped that student activity at McGill would not be allowed to drop into oblivion.

Il. R. Fitzgerald proposed "The Boys at the Front" in a few striking words, and the toast was drunk in a sober and befitting manner.

After singing "Hail, Alma Mater," and the National Anthem, those present gave the McGill yell and broke up, feeling that the function had been in every way the most successful of the year, and one that would long live in the memories of all.

## PINE HILL FOR HOSPITAL.

Pine Hill College, the well known Presbyterian Theological school at Halifax, has been chosen by the Canadian war machine. It is to become a hospital for invalided and wounded soldiers. The beautiful location of these buildings on the shores of the North-west Arm, as well as the arrangement of rooms, make them very desirable for hospital purposes. The offer made by the governors of Dalhousie College to give the old college building free of charge to the Military Hospital's Commission, was declined owing to the construction of the building, which would demand extensive alterations to make it suitable for hospital purposes.

## LEN RAINBOTH IN FRANCE.

Word from Lieut. Len Rainboth, Sci. '17, former McGill hockey player, is to the effect that he is now attached to the 16th Canadian Machine Gun Company, after having been with the 47th Battalion.

dergo further changes before he reached the popular concept of to-day. But all that the great American author had to say showed him entirely unimpaired by the passage of time. "He will stand by a friend in a quarrel, with life and purse, however soundly he may be edged." With all his odd humors, Washington Irving insists, he is a "sterling-hearted old blade." He is, he adds, "like his own oak, rough without and sound and solid within."



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## SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA HEAD OFFICE—MONTREAL

### The Case of Horace Voyse and The Church Tower.

(Here we have Sprague Kennedy back with us again after a long absence—caused, we presume, in an effort to recuperate from the effects of the raid on Ho Lee Smoke's Opium Den before Christmas.—Ed. Note.)

It was a windy March evening, and I was sitting alone in my apartment, half-dozing. Dinner had been over half an hour ago, and I intended to read a while before going to bed to get a good night's rest. I was just thinking that it was some time since I had seen Sprague Kennedy, when there was a loud crack behind me, and a second later the window flew up with terrific violence; the glass flew in shivers all about the room, and the frame as well was broken to bits.

I sprang from my chair, and reached the window in a moment. There I found Kennedy, seated astride the sill, looking intently at something he had in his hand, and chuckling quietly. "Sprague!" I gasped in amazement. He looked up. "Ah, hello, Jimson, how are you," he said. "You see, it works perfectly." "What does?" I could not help asking. "Why, my patent vest-pocket automatic jack," he replied, "capable of raising a weight of two thousand six hundred pounds. I was just trying it on your windows."

"Oh, how interesting, Sprague," was all I could say. "But come," he went on, "we must not dally here. I have some important business to-night. Put on your coat and come along. I can promise you some interesting experiences."

I hastily seized my overcoat and hat, and we clambered out through the shattered window. As we passed along the street I felt like questioning the great detective, but did not like to interrupt his thoughts. Abruptly he turned to me and said, "Did you ever hear of the Duke of Lotzowski?" "No," I replied. "The name sounds Russian." "The Duke," said Sprague impressively, "is one of the best known Russian noblemen. It is his English residence that we are going now, at Corpsbury, a little town about twenty miles away from here. The Duke has leased an old manse just outside the place, and has placed the local sexton in charge until he can occupy it in person. This sexton has called me in to deal with a case arising from his duties in the famous old bell tower in the north-east wing of the manse. Here is the station, now."

We soon found the right train, and were speeding on our way towards Corpsbury. Sprague amused himself by whistling "Green grow the Rushes, O." in a minor, on the edge of a folded newspaper he had picked up. We seemed to take a long time to travel the twenty miles, but at last we drew up at the little country station. As we stepped off the train my eyes fell upon a very tall, mournful-looking person, dressed entirely in black, who was standing beneath the light on the platform, eating a banana and shivering with cold. When he caught sight of us, he started violently, choked on the banana, approached us and murmured huskily, "Mr. Sprague Kennedy?" "Yes," cried my companion. "And this is Mr. Jimson—Jimson, this is Horace Voyse, the sexton, who is in charge of Vodka Manse. Have you had any new developments in the case since this afternoon?"

"No, sir," responded Horace Voyse, as we slowly entered an ancient carriage. "I expect some to-night, though," and he laughed noiselessly. We drove slowly along a winding country road. It was quite dark around us, but the sky was still light with black clouds driving across it, and a furious wind hissing in the sombre pines that fringed our path. I thought I had never been on such an inauspicious journey. The horse seemed scarcely alive, the carriage creaked mournfully, and Sprague whistled shrilly between his teeth that plaintive ditty, "The Lighthouse-keeper's Child."

"That there ridge, yonder," said Voyse, pointing with his whip through the gathering gloom, "that's Cemetery Ridge, where they used to have the burying ground, long ago. An' there's Dead Man's Cope, where the bear's suicided, two years gone. Over there's Murder Mound, where the dippy man caught the little baker's girl, strangled her, as you might say. And then there's Hangman's Hollow—they used to have the gallows there in the old days, where they used to hang the sheep-stealers."

I felt decidedly uncomfortable, as the sombre sexton went on, but Sprague, quite unconcerned, proceeded to give a perfect rendering of Tosti's "Goodbye."

The carriage slowly climbed the ridge, and we could just make out, in the dark, the spire and roofs of a little town. "Is that Corpsbury?" I asked. "No," said Voyse, "that's Grave-stone. Corpsbury is over on the left, here." As he spoke we took a turn in the direction mentioned, and in ten minutes drew up before an ancient ruined building, with a lofty tower at one corner, which we realized must be Vodka Manse. We got out hastily, and entered the building, ushered by our host. Coming into a fine old kitchen at the foot of the tower, partook of some refreshments Voyse had prepared, and then were ready to proceed to our work on the case.

"Tell us all about it, Horace," said Sprague, as he sat down comfortably on the sexton's high hat. There was a faint crunch, but Voyse did not notice and began his story. "It's like this, sir," he said. "Up in that tower there's a lot of bells which is rung by an organ keyboard on the ground floor here, the bells being at the top. Now it's my custom to go up every night to the tower to wind up the big clock there. Well, the night before last I came over from the village with some supper done up in a parcel, as usual. I left the food on the top of the organ in the next room, and came in here to get the key, seeing as I always keep it here. While I was getting it, all of a sudden I heard the bells ringing like fury, all kinds of notes at once. Well, I knew that no one was at the key-board, as I'd just come out of the organ-room, and as there's only the one door to it, so I started up the stairs to the belfry to see what was wrong. When I got up there, there was no one in sight, not a soul, sir. I came down again, and when I got into the organ-room and looked for my lunch, blast if it wasn't clean gone. I searched everywhere, but not a bit of it could I see. Looked very queer, sir, all right. Well, last night the exact same thing happened, sir. Someone rang the bells, I ran up, no one there; when I came back, all my lunch was gone. What do you think of that, sir, now?"

"Ahem, quite interesting, Voyse," said Kennedy. "By to-morrow night your mystery will be solved. I'll send up one of my apparatus to-morrow morning. Come now, I'll leave some food on this organ, and we'll go up for some of my apparatus to-morrow night, and put the food on top of the organ; then Horace Voyse opened a little door in the kitchen wall, and led the way up a narrow flight of stairs. After a minute's climbing we emerged in a large empty room, just under the bells, so the sexton said. Another door gave access to this, besides the one we had entered by; it led from the hall outside, which was reached by a wide flight of stairs from the lower floor, and was directly opposite our door.

As we stood there taking breath after the climb, a wild clangor broke out over our heads. The bells seemed to have gone crazy; they rang in every key and in all sorts of time at once. "There you are," said Horace Voyse, with satisfaction. Sprague darted up a narrow ladder leading to the belfry, to return in a moment with the words, "Nothing there." We then hastily descended the stairs leading to the kitchen, and on looking into the organ-room found that the food Sprague had placed there was gone. "Ah," this needs investigation, certainly," muttered the great detective.

The next afternoon a heavy box arrived at Corpsbury station, addressed to Sprague. We had it brought into the kitchen, where we opened it. Within was a steel net of a rectangular shape, the purpose of which I was at a loss to explain. In addition there was a roll of barbed wire which looked formidable, a saw and hammer, a set of hinges, and a spring lock. All of this apparatus Kennedy carried upstairs to the big room under the belfry. He was busy there until evening, sawing and hammering away, and we did not disturb him.

When he was finished, he called us up and gave us our instructions. "Voyse," he said, "you will stay down stairs with the dog Toby, and watch the food we shall place on the organ. We will watch up here, where I expect we shall catch the thief. After looking at the idea of being left alone, Horace finally consented, and we were left to our vigil.

"What was all that apparatus you had, Sprague," I queried, in my childish fashion. "Ha, ha," he responded. I suppose it puzzled you a bit. Well, this is what I have done. In front of the door leading to the hall, I have sawn away the flooring and set it on hinges, held there by the spring lock. Beneath this is hung that steel net you saw. Now, when we hear the miscreant approaching I shall withdraw the bolt by means of a cord, and leave the door unsupported. The thief will tread on it and drop into the net, and all we will have to do is go downstairs and arrest him."

"Marvelous, Sprague, marvelous," I gasped, overcome. "In addition," he went on, "I have stretched barbed wire across the stairs leading from the kitchen, in case the villain takes it into his head to come up that way. But hist, we must keep silence for the next hour."

We crouched down in the room, now darkened as the evening drew on. An hour passed slowly, Sprague keeping himself awake by softly rendering the "Soldiers' Chorus" on a jew's-harp he always kept in his pocket. Suddenly every hair on my head stood on end. My heart seemed to suffocate me by its turbulent beating. A dreadful yell had rung out from below; and the bells started to peal out their unholy melodies. In the darkness, the sudden clamorous outburst was all the more terrifying. Another yell sounded, and then there came up the front stairs a soft pattering sound.

"Here he comes," hissed Sprague, as he rose to his feet beside me. "Ah!" The exclamation was one of delight, as there came to our ears a loud bang, the sound of the trap falling outside the door. Then there was a heavy fall, and a dreadful snarl that curdled my blood. Before we could move, however, there was a rush of heavy feet on the stairs, followed by a terrific crash as something else fell into the net. A wild medley of shouts and howls rose on the air.

"Quick, Jimson," cried Sprague, "down the back stairs and watch the net. Keep them there." And he flung open the door and plunged out. I made for the stairs leading to the kitchen, opened the door and leaped down. In a second, something caught me below the knees, and I shot forward. I can only remember wondering where I would land before there was a tremendous crack. I knew no more.

It must have been an hour later that I opened my eyes. I was lying on a landing with a door in front of me, through which came strange mingled noises. I slowly got to my feet, with my hand on the huge bump on my forehead, and went through the portal, to find myself in the room beneath the hall where Sprague's device had been placed. There, hanging from the roof was the great net. It had three occupants.

Clinging to the edge of the orifice, with both hands, I saw Sprague Kennedy, the detective. His clothes were tattered, and his face expressed a desperate determination not to let go. Below him, at the bottom of the net, was the unconscious form of Horace Voyse, the third inmate was Toby, the bull-dog. He was making frantic leaps at the detective, trying to break his frenzy on his hapless form. Even as I watched, with one savage snap, he tore off Sprague's boot-heel. My heart bled as I realized that my friend must have been hanging there for nearly an hour. "Hurry up, Jimson!" he exclaimed, when he saw me. "Don't stand there staring! Go upstairs and lift me out of here!" I climbed the front stairs and rescued Kennedy with the aid of a clothes-line. Voyse had regained consciousness, and was also pulled out. Toby was left in the net, as his designs on Sprague were only too apparent. I was pained to see that Voyse's attitude to the great detective was one of extreme coldness, and desired an explanation of the whole situation. "Where are the criminals," Sprague asked.

"Tush," he cried, impatiently, "escaped, of course, through this man's stupidity," and he pointed at Horace Voyse. The sexton became bitter. "I hope, sir," he remarked, "you're satisfied with what you've done. Here you've ruined the flooring, tore my clothes, fractured half my bones, and all for nothing. It was me, after all, that discovered the thief."

"Yes, me," said Voyse, "there's your criminal!" He pointed down at Toby. "Last night I was sitting there in front of the organ, dozing like, when I saw Toby come in from the kitchen, jump up on the keyboard and grab the food. Of course, that jump on the keys started half the bells ringing upstairs. I gave a yell to scare the dog, and he ran upstairs like mad. I ran after him, and had almost caught him when I fell into your trap here, in the dark. I fell on top of Toby, who must have dropped in first, and he, thinking I was a burglar, I suppose, chewed me up pretty bad. Then you, sir, came in on top of me and nearly killed me." He looked reproachfully at Sprague.

"Why, Sprague," I cried, "did you forget about the trap when you ran out into the hall?" "Not a word," answered, rather heatedly. "I simply wished to make my arrest on the spot! But what I'd like to know is, what happened to you, Jimson?" I felt his searching gaze on me. In utter shame I stammered, "I—I must have forgotten about that barbed-wire, Sprague; I'm awfully sorry—" "Tshaw," he exclaimed, "always the same; full of excuses." Then turning to Voyse, he sneered, "your cock-and-bull story about the dog is all very well, but I have my suspicions. That infernal Toby of yours very nearly did for me, and I believe you are in the pay of—"

#### CAUSES OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1905 IN RUSSIA. (Continued from Page 2.)

and was considered by the people as an unprofitable and costly adventure, which would only bring about heavier taxation. The Russian troops fought without enthusiasm, and were not supported by any great inspiring principle. At home a spirit of unrest immediately manifested itself. In February, 1904, a fortnight only after the declaration of war, the Institute of Mining Engineers at St. Petersburg passed a resolution in which it condemned the policy of the Government. In March the revolutionary Committee of Self-Protection and Sanitary Reform began to show signs of activity. Proclamations were issued. The most interesting perhaps, is that issued in June by Count Leo Tolstoy, and in which he urges soldiers and civilians to keep aloof from the war. He also courageously denounces the Tsar for his inconsistencies and the Church for its servile attitude.

In July Plehve, Minister of Interior, was murdered. He had tried to repress revolutionary outbreaks with the utmost severity, and his assassination produced a deep effect. The Central Committee of the Russian Revolutionary Socialists justified the act and declared that it was only part of the programme which they had drawn to put an end to the Tsardom. In an appeal to the peoples of all countries they used the following words: "We disapprove absolutely a terrorist policy in countries that are free. But in Russia, where, owing to the reign of despotism, no open political discussion is possible, where there is no redress against the irresponsibility of absolute power, we shall be obliged to fight the violence of tyranny with the force of revolutionary right."

The Tsar changed his policy and placed at the head of the Department of the Interior, Prince Mirski, an aristocrat of liberal disposition. Mirski even allowed a conference of the delegates from the Zemstva to be held at St. Petersburg in November. Resolutions were passed to the effect that the whole state must be re-organized on the basis of fundamental laws—to which all Russians, from the Tsar to the peasant, should be subject. Liberal institutions must be established and guaranteed, so as to restore the confidence of the people. "A demand was made for the development of the educational system, liberty of conscience, of speech, of the press, together with the right of public meet-

ing and association. Special attention was called to the condition of the peasants, who formed the vast majority of the population, and who were deprived of political and civil rights that belonged to them."

#### STUDENT ESCORTS A PRISONER FROM CAMP

Four Waiting to Go Into Infantry from the C. A. M. C.

Sergt. G. R. Giles, Sci. '17, is now in England, awaiting to be transferred to the class for the training of infantry officers. Sergt. Giles enlisted with No. 2 Sanitary Section, which was commanded by Major T. A. Starkey, and after undergoing preliminary on the campus, left for England in the latter part of the summer of 1915. For the last year and a half Sergt. Giles has been in France, having the sanitation of several camps as his particular. In that time he has been given two leaves of absence. Like a number of others, he has found the work of the Sanitary Section lacking adventure, and wishing to see more action, has succeeded in obtaining a commission. Sergt. Giles writes as follows:

You see I am in England, and have been here for nearly a month now, and am hoping to be here for two or three months longer. I am waiting to take an officers' course in infantry, not being able to get into the artillery, which is full.

I had twelve days' leave in London, and had one glorious time all the while I was there. I went skating twice in Regent's Park. It was like getting home again, and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Elmer is on leave for a month now, pending commission in the R. F. A. This is some place for a camp, not a decent town within eight miles, and the nearest village is about three miles away. I have been here for a week and a half doing practically nothing. Being an acting corporal, I don't do fatigues, so it is fine. Just take charge of a few fatigues, and Thursday I went to Shorncliffe to escort a prisoner home from detention camp. The food is pretty good, and plenty of sleep, so I should get fat on it.

There are four of us waiting to go to the infantry. I hope they don't keep us too long, for I want to get back for the finish of this war, which I hope is soon. I may get finished first, but I should worry.

Saw Strong and Ferguson in London. They are in the McGill Battery. They go over soon, I believe.

How are things at college? You finish this year, don't you? I doubt if I shall ever go back. I am trying to get father to take me in the store if I get back, so I can settle down after this unsettled life.

How is Bob Robertson? Do you ever see him? He is getting a commission, isn't he?

answered, rather heatedly. "I simply wished to make my arrest on the spot! But what I'd like to know is, what happened to you, Jimson?" I felt his searching gaze on me. In utter shame I stammered, "I—I must have forgotten about that barbed-wire, Sprague; I'm awfully sorry—" "Tshaw," he exclaimed, "always the same; full of excuses." Then turning to Voyse, he sneered, "your cock-and-bull story about the dog is all very well, but I have my suspicions. That infernal Toby of yours very nearly did for me, and I believe you are in the pay of—"

The gloomy sexton shook with wrath. Abruptly he stepped back, reached into the net and began to lift the bull dog out. "Sic 'em, Toby!" he muttered.

"Jimson," said Sprague, after exchanging one malevolent glance with Horace Voyse, "we must leave here by the first train, before they make any more of these attempts on us. Send the net on by express—" His voice died away down the stairs; I heard him hit the first and third landings, and then the gravel of the walk rattled on the windows of the hall.

"He is wonderful!" I cried, as I slid down the stairs with Toby one foot behind me, and shook from my feet the dust of Vodka Manse.

#### JUST TALK

—By T. J.

"And this is the end!" Sad, isn't it? After all the fun we have had, too! But the best of friends must part—and here is a song for you:

A hundred years from now, my friends,  
The earth shall still spin on,  
And Old McGill grow greater still,  
Though you and I have gone.  
Others to her will then look up,  
Others to her will bow,  
And through her halls our ghosts will stalk,  
A hundred years from now.

A hundred years from now, my friends,  
New faces will be here,  
The books we hate, then out of date,  
Our old profs. gone, I fear.  
And will these others be like us?  
Will their heads to us bow?  
I wonder if they'll know of us,  
A hundred years from now?

But first I must tell you a story—maybe it's a fairy story, and maybe it isn't.

Once upon a time (the best stories start like that, don't they), there lived a prince who loved painting, and who asked people who could paint to create pictures for him; these he would keep by him, but have reproductions made in order that all his subjects might have the benefit of the artist's beauty of thought and expression. One time a shy little maiden came to him, confessed that she desired to paint pictures for him, but didn't want anyone to know about it. So the prince agreed. When the pictures appeared they created a sensation,—the striking subjects, the exquisite colours and the harmony of the whole charmed everyone—and the prince. Then people began to wonder who this mysterious artist who called herself Rolasine was. The prince gave them hints, and they knew it was one of a certain number, but they were not clever enough to find out. Then the prince's companions became curious to ascertain the girl's identity. They had telephones then, you know, and these fellows waited till the prince would be telephoning, and then they would call up all the numbers of the girls in this certain section of girls to whom Rolasine belonged. And they found one night when they tried three times that a certain number was busy, so they jumped at conclusions, which was very foolish, for they frightened conclusions away. So after, whenever they called that number, and the prince was talking, they found it busy,—he saw it to that they did.

Werent the girls curious? They called meetings, and made people sign papers, and all sorts of foolish things, and then became angry with the prince and wouldn't paint any more for him. When they passed him on the street some of them wouldn't recognize him—but it didn't worry him any. However, there was one man who found out, because he was very, very clever, and perhaps it was he who saw to it that a certain number was kept busy all the time the prince was telephoning, and perhaps it was he who arranged matters, so that only one answer was ever received from "Central," when an attempt was made to discover what number the prince was calling. So they never found out.

And now you want to know the end—but how can I tell you that? However, I suppose they lived happy ever after (the best stories end like that, don't they?)

Here I am back to where I started from. I hate to say "good-bye" to you all. You have been very patient with me, and perhaps some day I may be able to amuse you for a few minutes again. It is a pity that I didn't discover the advantage of "Talk" column before, you can make fun of people and laugh at them, and do everything, and what can they say? To those of you who have been constant readers, it is with regret I view the close of the session; to those of you who have been dissatisfied with me I am also sorry the end has come, for I might have been able, in time, to get back into your good graces again. But to all of you I wish the best of luck, and hope that it is farewell, and not good-bye. Will you let me burden you with yet another few lines of my (what I call) poetry?

The jingle stops, the footsteps fade, the echoes die away,  
And T. J. trades his column for a scroll, Commencement Day.

For three long years he's trodden all the pleasant paths of school,  
He's tried to play the scholar, and perhaps has played the fool;  
He followed with a happy smile wherever Folly led.

Dragged Wisdom off his tame old throne, and raised up Pan instead,  
He's been most every sort of chump, and yet 'twixt me and you,  
He's not the least bit sorry for the swears that come what may—

Yes! "Used to do," for all those hours have gone the rose strewn way—  
And T. J. trades his column for a scroll, Commencement Day.

To those who patiently indulged his weak attempts at mirth,  
And by their kindly silence let his foolish "Talk" have birth,  
To those whose deeds have furnished him with many a timely hint,  
And who restrained their vengeful ire on seeing them in print.

To those, in short, who've shown themselves as good friends, tried and true,  
And brightened up a sombre world whenever things looked blue,  
These T. J. bids a fond farewell, and the scrolls not worth the column that he trades Commencement Day.

Very Sincerely,  
T. J.

#### SUM OF MONEY FOUND.

A sum of money has been found in the Engineering Building by the janitor. The owner may have same by proving that it is his property.

Being obliged to interrupt his lecture at this point, Dr. Coiby announced that he would pursue the treatment of the same subject in the course of his next lecture.

#### BASKETBALL GAME AT WESLEYAN COLLEGE

Theological Freshmen Play Seniors With Score of 57-16.

Athletics are not yet dead at the Presbyterian College. Witness, as proof of this, the game played last night in the Wesleyan gym, between the stalwart seniors and the infants who go by the name of freshmen. It is scarcely credible, but such indeed was the case, that these self-confident youths had the audacity to challenge their august seniors to a game of basketball. As was suitable in such a case, the seniors at first treated the attempt at familiarity with contempt; but finally condescended to teach the freshmen a lesson and demonstrate to them their position of inferiority. Accordingly, picked teams repaired to the Wesleyan gym, and set to work to annihilate each other; the supporters of each in the meantime setting up frenzied shouts of delight and encouragement. The play was fast and furious, and would have been of sterling quality were it not for the fact that it was the reverse. As the game progressed, the difference between the opposing teams became very evident, the freshmen making wild and frantic attempts at scoring, while the seniors, who dazzled their rivals by their superb play, calmly piled up the score. Baskets were made as easily as a war profiteer makes his money. There is a strong suspicion among the upper-classmen that the referee was not to be allowed to carry off the palm too easily, and consequently allowed several fouls against the freshmen to go unpunished. However, the score of 57-16 tells its own tale and bears mute witness to the brand of playing put up by the seniors. The deepest sympathy is extended to the freshmen in their affliction.

The teams were:  
Seniors. Freshmen.  
Morrison . . . Centre . . . Walker  
MacLennan . . . Forward . . . Hutton  
Swan . . . . . Woodhouse  
Shaver . . . Guards . . . Crewson  
Grier . . . . . Jamieson  
Referee: Servage.

#### STUDENTS' COUNCIL APPOINT SCRUTINEERS.

Arrangements with regard to the elections of the Students' Society and Students' Union to be held to-morrow were discussed at the meeting of the Students' Council held last night at the Union. W. H. Schiedel was appointed head scrutineer for the Faculty of Medicine, voting to be from 8.45 to 11.15 a.m., and from 2 to 5 p.m.; K. P. Tsolanos was appointed head scrutineer for the Faculty of Science, voting to be from 8.45 to 11.15 a.m., and from 2 to 5 p.m.; T. P. Dillon for the Faculty of Arts from 8.45 to 11.15 a.m., and from 2 to 5 p.m., and D. C. Smelzer, for the Faculty of Law from 8.20 to 9.50 a.m., and from 3.45 to 5.15 p.m.

A vote of sympathy was expressed in the matter of the death in action of Sergt. J. L. Dugan, former assistant secretary of the Students' Society.

The following were present: F. B. Common, A. H. Greenwood, D. C. Smelzer, H. H. Pitts, J. W. Rooney, H. R. Morgan, K. P. Tsolanos.

#### MANDOLIN CLUB NOTICE.

Members of the Mandolin Club are hereby notified that the Club has two engagements to fulfill before the season closes.

The first of these will be in connection with a concert to be given in the lecture hall of the American Presbyterian Church on Friday the 16th, to-morrow evening, at 7.45. Most of the members have already been notified individually of this event, but are now reminded to be on hand at the above hour at the latest.

Secondly, the Club has been invited to take part in a concert at Macdonald College on Friday evening, March 30th. The Club has accepted the invitation, and the executive committee is at present attending to details connected with the trip.

Members are requested to keep this night free, to practice their music, and to prepare for a very enjoyable evening, if past experience may serve as reliable criteria.

#### CORP. CUSHING RETURNS.

Corp. Charles Cushing, Arts '10 who went overseas with the First Universities Company, and was in France for some time with the P. P. C. L. L. before being wounded, is expected to arrive at his home in Westmont to-day.

#### SERG. DUGAN KILLED.

Lance-Sergt. J. Lennox Dugan, who was assistant secretary of the Students' Society before he enlisted in the ranks of the Highland battalion commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Peers Davidson, is officially reported killed in action, presumably in the big Canadian raid last week. Lance-Sergt. Dugan was 22 years of age, and the son of J. L. Dugan, 1709 St. Urbain street. He was assistant secretary of the Students' Society during the session 1914-15.

#### BASKETBALL PRACTICE.

There will be a practice of the basketball club this afternoon at the Central Y. M. C. A. at 5.15. The second team will play off for the championship with Shamrocks next week, and it is very desirable that they get in a couple of good practices before that time.

#### UNION ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Students' Union will be held on Wednesday, March 28, at five o'clock, so the Union House Committee decided at its meeting yesterday afternoon, other matters of routine interest were discussed, and the new president of the Union, D. M. Sutherland, '18, introduced in his new capacity.

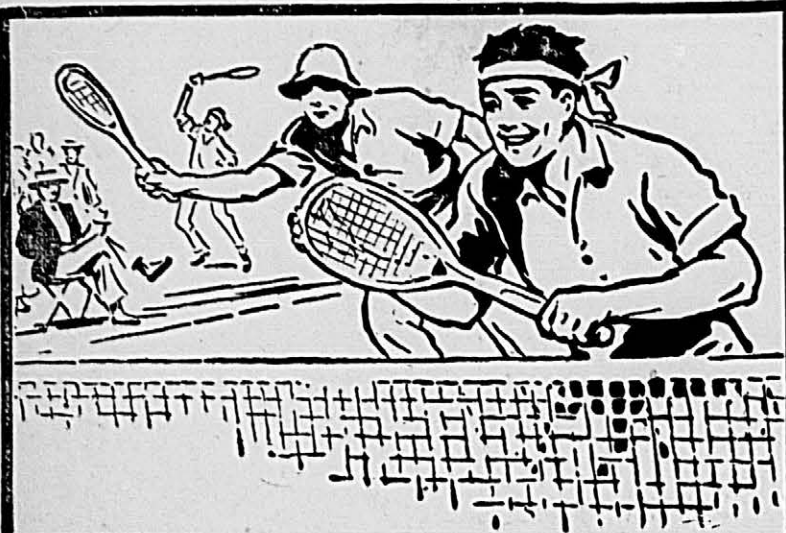
#### MEDS. PASS EXAMS.

The Medicine '17 graduates who are with the Canadian Army Medical Corps' training depot, here yesterday were successful in passing their qualifying examinations. Dr. V. H. Parker, Med. '17, yesterday signed up with the C. A. M. C.

Fusser—"Could I avoid this universal training by marriage?"

Cusser—"Avoid nothing! Training is service for six months; marriage is service for life."—K. U.





## "Get Up to the Net"

It's not easy. Not after the first couple of sets anyway. Past this point getting up to the net becomes down right hard work, requiring every ounce of strength and stamina in your body. And some times when this fails you just can't get up to the net and are forced into a defensive game.

## Shredded Wheat

can't get people up to the net. It is not a miracle worker, but it can and has done its part in putting players in condition to see the game through, which is the most important consideration after all. Shredded Wheat is a muscle-building, delicious, all-day food made from the whole wheat berry. It contains the maximum of food value and the minimum of waste. It is extremely easy to digest and nutritious to a high degree. It is a good, satisfying cereal food, which is about all that one should demand.

MADE IN CANADA BY

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co. Limited,  
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

### The Royal Military College of Canada

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government Institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to Cadets and Officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact, it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and staff of the College are all officers of the active list of the Imperial Army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis, the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drill and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physique in the cadets.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it entitles the holder to exemptions as a B.A. degree.

The length of the course is three years in three terms of 34 months each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the college, takes place in May of each year, at the headquarters of the several military districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ontario, or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

### CAN. SOC. C. E. MEETING.

There will be a meeting of the Electrical Section of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers this evening at the rooms of the Society, 176 Mansfield Street. A paper on "The Metallurgy of Antimony," by J. A. DeCew, A. M. Can. Soc. C. E., will be read by the author. Major Stanley Davidson Parker, Junior Can. Soc. C. E., will give a demonstration of a work-



are curve cut to fit the shoulders perfectly

Cluett, Peabody & Co. Inc. Makers

### WHAT'S ON.

#### TO-DAY.

7.45 p.m.—C. O. T. C. review by Brig.-Gen. Wilson.

#### COMING.

March 15—Universal ballot for presidency of Students' Society, and for vice-presidency of Students' Union.

March 19—Med. '19-Arts '20 Hockey at Victoria Rink, 7 p.m.

March 21—Annual meeting, Students' Society, McGill Union.

March 23—Annual meeting, Athletic Association, Track, Hockey and Football, McGill Union.

March 30—Annual Meeting, Medical Society, New Medical Building.

#### HOCKEY PLAY-OFF.

The play-off for the inter-class hockey championship of the University will be played at seven o'clock on Monday evening at the Victoria Rink, between the classes of Medicine '19 and Arts '20.

ing model of the front line trenches, and will speak on the co-operation of the engineer and the infantryman in trench warfare. Major Parker is Chief Instructor of the Engineers' Training Depot, St. John's, Quebec. The trench model is an ingenious piece of work, and a most interesting lecture is to be expected.

## SENIORS WILL ISSUE GRADUATION HANDBOOK

### Preliminary Arrangements for Convocation Made at Meeting of Graduating Year.

Preliminary arrangements for the festivities to accompany Convocation this season were made at the meeting of the senior year held in Strathcona Hall yesterday afternoon with Eric A. Cushing, Sec. '17, president of '17 last year, in the chair. About fifty members of the year were present.

Mr. Cushing was re-elected president of the graduating year, with Peter A. G. Clark, Arts '17, as second vice-president, and a secretary-treasurer to be chosen from the senior year in Law. The senior year decided that this year a programme will be followed similar to that in force in other years. The usual baseball game will be played during Convocation week, and on the afternoon previous to Convocation the class histories and prophecies will be read, followed by a tea in the Students' Union. On the evening before Convocation the valedictorians will be read and the meeting placed itself on record as favoring a dance on the evening of the 11th of May.

Somewhat of an innovation will be introduced this year in the issue by the seniors of a handbook of the week, in which the valedictorians' histories, etc., will be printed, together with group pictures of the graduating classes. The price of this to members of the class is not to exceed 75c. a copy. A committee composed of T. J. Kelly and H. R. Morgan was empowered to proceed with the arrangements for the issue of this publication. The year executive was empowered to levy a fee of fifty cents from every man to cover the expenses of the week.

### SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT AND EFFICIENCY. (Continued from Page 2.)

Material .....	\$6,000
Wages .....	1,400
Expense Burden .....	1,200
	\$8,600
Selling Price .....	11,000
Profit .....	\$2,400
28% of cost.	
Example of Costs.	
(from Gantt.)	

#### Conclusion.

Having come to the end of the subject of scientific management, which has been taken up in a very brief and threadbare way, scarcely an outline, it remains to make a summary of the chief elements of the mechanism. These are:—

- 1.—The time study.
- 2.—The instruction card.
- 3.—The use of the slide-rule for efficiency in metal cutting.
- 4.—The necessity of having a planning department.
- 5.—The standardization of all tools, implements and movements of workmen for each class of work.
- 6.—The functional foremanship and its advantages.
- 7.—The routing system.
- 8.—The modern cost department.
- 9.—The task idea which is accompanied by a bonus for the successful performance of the task, or the "differential bonus."

This in brief, summarizes the main features of Taylor's system of scientific management, and a change from rule-of-thumb methods to the scientific method involves a study of what the proper speeds and machines in a shop, but a complete change of the mental attitude of the employees towards their work and their employers, and of the employers towards the employees. Such a change should be done very carefully and slowly, or it will end in a strike.

### GEN. GEDDES POWER BEHIND ENGLISH "COMB." (Continued from Page 1.)

places where Dr. Geddes was a teacher. I found them as proud of his achievements, and as eager to claim him as a son as McGill.

While I was on leave recently, I saw Victor Lapp in hospital. He is getting on well now, and will be up presently. In London I met Curt DeRoche, who is having a lively time in the Royal Flying Corps. One day Art Mathewson and I stumbled on to each other at the foot of Trafalgar Square. He has returned to France. Kenneth Rounthwaite (McGill Battery), Francis Rounthwaite, Bishop (Meds.), Capt. Little, of No. 3 General, were others I saw there. Bob Mitchell (Med.) is now at a flying school not far from London.

As I was crossing Charing Cross one day I met General Geddes. We stood on one of the little bridges and chatted while the traffic of Trafalgar Square streamed by. The doctor has not changed, and is looking very well.

Just now I'm attached to what used to be the 14th, now the 20th Canadian Reserves. Here I have found many whom I used to see and know at college: Lt.-Col. Magee, Major Eve, Capt. Sise, Lieut. Fotheringham and Capt. Art Graftey. The camp is pleasantly situated, and though busy, the life here is congenial, and we are looking forward to stopping here till we are sent back to France once again.

The general desire of persons in France is to get to England. To warriors that is the balm of Gilead; it is a symbol of protection, a haven of rest. But human nature is so curiously strung together that one can get restless even in this fair land. After a month in England the memory of many of the discomforts of the campaign become blunted, and the end result is usually a desire to return to France. At any rate we shall soon be back in France and renewing our acquaintance with such noted spots as Shrapnel Corner, Hell Fire Corner, Sausage Valley and Death Valley.

#### UNCLE SALT BASIN—SWAN SONG.

Farewell! Goodbye! Aloha Oe! The time has come for me to go; yes, readers, we must part. The thought that "Quips" must end to-day, that you and I must go our way with sadness rends my heart. But you, no doubt, have had enough, you've stood for some most awful guff, and you were bound to tire; I've handed out some fearful slams, you took them like a bunch of lambs; your patience I admire. As I look back upon the year, my conscience mayhap isn't clear; I may have been unkind. But surely you can take a jest; tho' rage may rise within your breast, just calm your fevered mind, and don't come round with forty bricks and swear the Editor to fix; let's part with all good cheer. Just stop and think, you scornful wights, of all the lolsome Friday nights I've spent throughout the year.

Well, now, it seems for space I'm pressed, I'll only say I've done my best; but cease those cries of grief, for tho' our parting now gives pain, it may be we shall meet again when falls the autumn leaf!

#### CASUAL CLARENCE.

He answers any question you like to

TO-DAY'S PERPETRATION.  
Quest.—Why is that Russian dancing so hard to learn?  
Ans.—Because the steppes are so long!

Quest.—What is the most rapid thing to eat for dinner?  
Ans.—A herring, because you have to pull so many bones while eating it!

Quest.—Why is the Win-the-War Campaign quite unique?  
Ans.—Because it's all a loan!

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(1) Dear Iva.—I saw in one of the stories in the Daily last week this sentence, "The evening wore on." Now what did it wear, I should like to know?

WAT A. GAUL.

#### STUDENT FLYER HAD NARROW ESCAPE IN AIR.

(Continued from Page 1.)

saw a lot of McGill fellows. Round-thwaite was in town. He told me he was no longer with the Battery. I didn't see him for long. Trapp and Grace had just come over, and were all dolled up in their "brand new" uniforms. They had not reported at the Crystal Palace yet, so they have a lot to look forward to. We had a great farewell dinner at the Troc, and the bunch bust up.

Down here we fly Bullets and Neu-pups mostly. I have been having a great time on the Neu-pups. You can do almost anything with them, as they are one of the strongest machines we have. Over in France we get Pups and Triplanes for scouting.

The other day I was Duty Officer, and had to get up extra early the following morning. I reported the weather to the First Lieutenant. It was very windy about 6, was blowing, and the clouds looked about 1,500 feet, and very thick. He told me I had better take the patrol myself, so I got out the old Bullet, and off I went. I was up for three-quarters of an hour, and all was well.

I had just been down about 10 minutes when a signal came through that enemy aircraft were reported. Again I reported to the First Lieutenant, and was given orders to "stand by." Just then came the signal that they were over a little town about ten miles or so from here. Of course there was only one thing to do. I got the Bullet out again and off I went. It was the first time I had ever been up expecting a scrap, and I was undergoing a new sensation. However, I went right up to the coast under the clouds, and over them, but the enemy had departed. So I hiked for home. I had had nearly two hours before breakfast, and I was feeling hungry.

It was great through the clouds, not humpy at all, only a steady wind. The sun was shining, and it just looked like a bunch of wool in fluffs. It was much prettier than one time I was up at Cranwell. It was not so thick up there.

Since arriving back from leave I have not had a flip. Too bad weather.

Just about a year ago, Maurice and I that bunch were here quartered in David Castle. Rather a coincidence, eh?

I have been receiving lots of Dalles from an old friend of mine in McGill. I see where you have some hockey team this year. I guess the old bunch is pretty well split up.

Do you remember old Terry Hall? I met him around the middle of January. He has his commission now. He has been out there for fifteen months

## QUIPS

FAREWELL NUMBER.

#### EDITORIAL.

Ah me, fond reader, this is the last occasion on which we shall meet this year. An inexorable decree of fate compels the termination of this column with the ending of the publication of the Daily. Before we take our leave we wish to assure ourselves of the fact that there are no sore hearts (and heads) still in existence as a result of our activities; we should like to be certain the year will end with a mutual feeling of good-will and forgiveness. No, the forgiveness is not all on one side, we are willing to concede; it may be that we have injured irreparably some spirit of a peculiarly tender kind. If so, we wish here and now, with a stroke of the pen, as it were, to make full reparation for any such injury.

Well, to our duty. We had intended to make a somewhat elaborate adieu, to depart in an odour of sanctity and sulphur-smoke, but through excess of emotion (and a natural feeling of laziness) we felt compelled to desist. Finally, we managed to shorten the effusion to a single word, full of meaning to him who can read it aright; we feel convinced that all our readers will echo it devoutly in the same spirit as ourselves.

The word is Good-night!

"QUIPS."

Dear Wat.—The close of day, I presume.

I VA PAYNE.

(2) Dear Iva.—I want to buy a shade for my lamp; it must be almost unbreakable. What kind do you recommend.

COLONEL PHIL BURT.

Dear Colonel.—The shades of evening; they fall every night, but never break.

I VA PAYNE.

#### POET SCORNER.

Edited by Pyrotechnic Pete.

On the occasion of our last appearance we wish to place before your horrified gaze, O reader, a piece of work coming from the hand of a renowned German writer, Herr Adolf Essen. Herr Essen managed to escape from Germany last week, and has contrived to place one of his exquisite little fragments in our columns just in time for the printing of this issue.

#### SUPPOSE!

When you simply can't conjecture What's the meaning of a lecture, When your brain is full of fire and of bitterness your cup;

Then's the time, my fellow mourner, That you get into a corner, And commence to think in silence of your chances of a Sup.

Oh, exams there is no shirking, And if you have not been working, You've a dreadful sort of feeling that the time is all too brief;

Then you shun your comrades cheerfully, And the life you spend is fearful, For your brain is rent with headache, and your soul is torn with grief;

But in the examinations, You endure some fierce sensations, For the questions seem on purpose all designed to trip you up, And you slowly mop your forehead, And the page looks blank and horrid, And you know that ever nearer draws the vision of a Sup!

When at last exams are finished, Still your fears are undiminished, And the future seems more dread to you than the howitzers of Krupp;

Then the pass-list comes, dispersing All your hopes; amid deep cursing, You find out your fears were right and sure enough, you've got a Sup!!

A. ESSEN.

#### JUSTICE IS DONE!

We think it only right, as a fitting end to a most successful season, that justice should be done to one of the leading bards of this, nay, of the whole continent! It were idle to mention the name of this acknowledged genius; you all know to whom we refer. A certain fear obsessed our mind lest in consequence of the mention of the poetess in our column during the season it might be thought that we were unwilling to do full justice to her. Cast but your optic, reader, upon the poetry beneath; then judge of our sentiments.

#### RESTITUTION!

Oh, I. J. P., fair poetess, You have me beaten, I confess, I yield to you the prize, I scan with awe your copious reams, They make me look like dix centimes, You must be wondrous wise!

Yes, here and now I back right down, And I admit you've won the crown, And everything is right— (But some poor nut is sure to say, The reason why I talk this way, Is just to be polite!)

"QUIPS."

#### THE FAREWELL OF AYEH SEN.

The glory's shed, the light is past, The voice of Quips is still at last; The college year is ending, Exams are fast approaching now, The student crams with fevered brow, Above his studies bending, He writes home a pathetic wail, And asks the folks to send some kale To save him from starvation— Oh, all these signs are now about, Unto the near vacation, So, now I think I'll say adieu, Here's health and all good luck to you, May we soon meet again; And happy days, whatever your biz, With lots of joy and feasting is The wish of AYEH SEN.

#### WHO

Had a Commerce Senior paged at Bryson's the other day?

#### WHO

Is the Arts Senior who wished for a few more arms in Geology?

#### WHO

Was the Commerce '17 man who carried a cane up to a lecture recently and left it outside in a snow-bank?

#### WHO

Was the Arts freshman so popular at Macdonald, and what gift did he receive on leaving?

#### WHO

Was the donor?

#### WHO

Was the student who turned up at drill on Tuesday clad in "semi-mutti"?

#### WHO

Was the instructor in woodwork who could not work because of a broken wrist, yet was seen carrying a large box?

#### WHO

Was the Third Year Electric student who laboured all summer at building a motor?

#### WHO

Stole the motor? Why was this done?

#### WHO

Is the Third Year Civil, who through a case of mistaken identity had the temerity to maltreat a professor last Wednesday afternoon? Was the professor at all grieved?

#### WHO

Are the four Second Year B.Sc. students who are very "partial" to the Physics Building on Monday and Wednesday at eleven?

#### PUTTY-EYED PERCEVAL SAYS

The reason why the Mexicans are so dizzy is that there are so many revolutions.

#### KEEP COOL!

Why paint the skies with lurid light, when slight misfortune comes? Why burn the air with language bright, until the welkin hums? If all your epithets robust you use on some small sorrow, you'll find out, to your great disgust, you've none left for the sorrow. If, when you stub your toe you curse, in every modern tongue, you'll see that there is nothing worse, to say when all goes bung. When in exams your marks are low, and Fortune seems to flee, there'll naught be left to you but "Oh, Great Scott," or "Goodness Me." So shun the eddying sulphur-smoke, let your worst word be "Ugh," and treat misfortune as a joke; just laugh at it, like muck.

#### COSMOPOLITAN CLUB.

A new club with a very peculiar nature and purpose has been organized on the Arizona campus. It is known as the "Cosmopolitan Club," and has as its purpose the mutual exchange of ideas by the members of the club, who are from different countries. At each meeting some subject of interest, such as marriage, is discussed from the viewpoints of the different countries.

#### YALE CREWS ON RIVER.

The Yale crews had their first outdoor workout last week. The boats put out upon the harbor and then went half a mile up the Quinnipiac River. On the return trip the shells ran into a field of broken ice and experienced considerable difficulty in getting through, but accomplished it without mishap.

## SALE OF TICKETS CLOSES SATURDAY

No Tickets for Science Dinner on Sale After 11 O'clock Saturday.

From present indications, the Science Dinner, to be held at the Windsor Hotel, on Monday evening at 8 o'clock sharp, will be one of the best in which the Engineers have participated. Practically all arrangements have been completed, and the only lacking essential to make the banquet an unqualified success is the attendance of the Science students. The tickets, to date, have not been selling as fast as they might, and it is really necessary that the students purchase them before Saturday noon, in order to allow the committee to make final arrangements. The Science banquet is really the only major Science function held this season, and since the executive have been so painstaking in their efforts, it is really obligatory to the students of the Applied Science Faculty to back them up. The price is extremely reasonable, especially when one considers the excellent menu that the Windsor Hotel is providing, and the success of the banquet is therefore contingent on the attendance. The programme arranged is compatible with that of the dinner held in 1913, which was supposed to be the best ever. The speaker of the evening is to be Mr. Walter J. Francis, B.Sc., who is one of the leading engineers of Montreal. Mr. Francis, through his intimate connection with the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, is in an excellent position to discourse upon the topic of Engineering, and an interesting and entertaining address can be looked for. A number of the professors are also slated to address the banquet, and this will give the students a chance to see the human side of their beloved profs. Most of us, through our constant contact with them, acquire the idea that they are machines, but it is a well known fact that, outside of college, they are good speakers, and many of them very humorous. Most of the professors have signified their intention of being present, and thus a regal lustre is given to the affair. Finally some of the more able talkers amongst the students are going to propose and respond to toasts, and this should be especially delightful to their friends to have an opportunity of hearing them "in action." Altogether, the success of the banquet is assured provided the attendance is up to the mark. In order that the executive may have an opportunity to complete the final arrangements, positively no tickets will be sold after Saturday morning, at 11 o'clock, so it is up to the students to purchase theirs today. Every Science man should be there. The price is extremely reasonable, the menu excellent, and the programme well selected and arranged, so that no student has a valid reason for being absent. Tickets should be secured AT ONCE from the class representatives:

4th Year—A. S. Poe.  
3rd Year—E. W. Camp.  
2nd Year—W. W. Fowler.  
1st Year—J. D. King.

Let every Science man be present, and thus ensure the success of the banquet.

**FORTUNE HUNTERS BOTHER HEIRESS**

The University of Oregon has an unknown heiress worth \$500,000 in her own right, with an annual income of \$50,000, who is going through college on \$35 per month.

The campus is a furore to find out who she may be. This much concerning the identity of the "beautiful heiress" has been found out—she dresses with good taste, is attractive and pretty, and does not belong to a sorority. She is a sensible person, desirous of getting an education and does not care to be bothered by fortune hunters.

**CO-OPERATION FOR DEMONSTRATION.**

Washington State College and the University of Idaho are co-operating with the Spokane Chamber of Commerce and the Great Northern railroad for the running of a "land-clearing train" through northern Idaho and northwestern Washington. Arrangements were completed recently in Spokane by representatives of the promoting parties. The purpose of the train is to demonstrate the best and most practical way of clearing the logged-off land. The train will consist of eight or ten cars for the accommodation of the men working at the clearing, for hauling machinery, and explosives.—Nevada.

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